Liber Aberration

Christophe Kafyrfos

DEDICATION

This book is in part dedicated to the memory of those who share my bloodlines; my offspring, my worthy kin, forebears and ancestors. Simultaneously these blessed words are dedicated to the One who brought twin currents to these ancient bloodlines. May the fire within burn bright and inspire you all perpetually.

Christophe Kafyrfos

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‘I'm interested in anything about revolt, disorder, chaos, especially activity that appears to have no meaning. It seems to me to be the road toward freedom.’

-JIM MORRISON

PREFACE

After writing *'Wolf's Hooked Cross'* in 2017 so quickly off the back of *'Diabolic Gnosticism'* in 2015, I had an inexplicable and powerful gut feeling that I needed time and more experiences in the real world to write again. I did not realise exactly how much time was needed though. The duties and responsibilities of being a father, husband and, moreover, a man, quickly consumed all of the free time I had taken for granted prior to the emergence of my first published works. Coupled with the unrealistic intention for this book to be a satanic version of *'Ulysses'*, I was set for a long, prolonged agony and struggle to write or release anything. I then immersed myself in my music, which further delayed my grandiose writing delusions.

It wasn't until midway through 2024 that I took up the pen again and commenced writing this book. My intention changed from something impossibility immense into something that was much more humble -a series of small books of advice and ideas to share with all who have ears to hear, especially my flesh and blood progenies. By turning *'Liber Aberration'* into a series of short sharp punchy

texts, I once again became completely and thoroughly inspired. The idea changed from a clumsy lumbering behemoth into something tactical and deeply meaningful -a series of writings that could be reflected upon, updated and released over the course of a lifetime, drawing on inspiration and experiences as they occurred, keeping the blood of my words fresh and clean.

In this first book of *'Liber Aberration'* I offer semi- philosophical and -psychological insights and advice on how you should carry or comport yourself through day-to-day life, mostly from a masculine perspective, focusing on a collection of ideas that eventually culminate in the Philosophy of Strength, and its associated 'acts of moral supremacy'. I have purposely cut this book at this point, as the ideas of a moral code established on the principle of strength through indomitable will and physical capacity deserves to be its own, standalone work.

'Liber Aberration' focuses on mistakes made during a life of experimentation and exploration of the self, sometimes dredging up horrors from the depths of the soul (the Aberrations), but most often opening cages and freeing the spirit (the Great Liberations), offering glistening glimpses of elation, enthusiasm and inspiration.

OPENING OLD WOUNDS

I do not believe that we are here again, joined together in this closest of unions (reader and writer/communicator), but I am pleased that we are. It is tragic (in the fullest sense of the word) that we have come together again, because it means that we have forgotten what has already been said, what we have learnt and what we have shared of our most blessed selves, our souls, our spirits and our gnosis. This satanic Forlornness follows us around as shadows emerge behind those wandering the long night. However, this forgetfulness on behalf of the reader and writer alike could also indicate that we have actively tried to forget that which defines and limits us, thus opening up our hardened bodies, hate filled hearts and darkened minds to become as vessels poised to convey the Gnosis of the Devil again, in a new way. Herein I can only really reiterate what I have already said and done as I attack the idea of Diabolic Gnosticism again from a different angle. Know now that my Blood has been cast upon these pages for all to see and taste, but it is only shared most intimately between us; I and thou, you and me. My words come be-

tween us as this new Blood aims to stain your psyche, as I liberate countless incarnations of my spirit and many-too-many emanations of my soul. Rest assured that I give my all, including that which I do not want to give. I have come as a knife to cut and hack out all that is unworthy of continued existence; to cut free the weak and inadequate and let those dirty old goats roam the desert. Yet I die by these words- my Chaos and I become limited as I speak of limitlessness, the infinite and endlessness, and it becomes utterly absurd when I suggest that most romantic but impossible concept, eternity.

When trying to understand Diabolic Gnosticism we need to be able to view it in context of the rise and decline of religious beliefs that have captivated, tricked, and enslaved the Western mind. This text and worldview are not fascist, racist or some sort of neo-Nazi wo/manifesto, despite the obvious and undeniable role that National Socialist Germany had in trying to eradicate God's 'chosen people'. It is the spiritual and religious alignment with Yahveh, Jehovah and Allah that Diabolic Gnosticism is in opposition to, with all of its prerequisite submissions, subjugations and subserviences, if you will. Diabolic Gnosticism is a glorification of the greatest emanation of life force and the conquering spirit, that is liberation and freedom (not totalitarianism, worship or servitude of any political leaning).

This book is actually anti-political, but will most likely be considered to be political by its opponents in-so-much as the energy that is

venerated and revered in Diabolic Gnosticism is at odds with the ideals and beliefs of the modern liberal dogma that is crippling the West at this time (the time of writing). Let it be known that this text is not glorifying National Socialism or genocide, however, some of the thoughts that made Hitler's National Socialism such an effective adversary to Judaism (and Christianity to a much lesser extent) are of some value to Diabolic Gnosticism, especially when we consider these horrific events in a millennial or Aeonic context as a battle of God the enslaver verse the Devil the liberator.

I daresay that some of the cleverer and more paranoid accusers of my writings will proclaim that this text (alongside my other writings) is a critical link between neo-Nazism and Satanism, however, such a charge is disingenuous and a misrepresentation of my work. I truly live in hope for an age where such 'disclaimers' are obsolete. This is a dark work, but keep in mind that it is dealing with the Devil, and His spiritual truths have evolved from a different type of morality. The Devil's morality is one that is based on Strength over submission and fear. It is a righteousness that is rooted in Strength and Honour (our honour is called loyalty!).

One day our song, 'Devil's March', evolved from other militant factions and passed on through the decades by warlike men (one excellent individual in particular, to whom I owe my life and almost my premature death, the

venerable Frater Liege), will ring long and loud in the ears of allies and enemies alike:

'Marching to the enemy
Singing the Devil's song.
Adversaries fear our wrath
And our vengeful weapons.
No matter that we are cheered
Or damned by the whole world,
We will cleanse it with fire
And laugh heartily.

Where we go all shall tremble
And the Devil laughs heartily with us!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
We fight for freedom,
Our honour's called loyalty.'

These verses are of the evolution of our culture, warlike and mighty, a foreign legion of daemons -he who has ears to hear let him hear.

This is in honour of this first ejection of the Liber Aberration idea:

Liber-Aberration!
Adverse art thou?
Thou art absurd, also,
So sayeth a disembodied voice,
Flowing as Blood
Down the swollen tongue
Of a decapitated corpse…

May I express my aversion
Unto you all?

‘Hate All!’ I signal my hail,
Where in lieu of my
Love of humankind
Hatred makes its Palace…

So let it be!

ASSORTED DISTORTIONS OF THOUGHT FORMS

I

This is a book of assorted thought forms and aborted thought forms, those aberrations of ideas that flow like libations from the chalice of the Shadow, whence the light of abhorrence shines -abhor shone, thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven and Hell! These distortions of thought are also borne at the highest level, whence the fluids of Divine Wisdom's excesses and ecstasies pour forth and cleanse the Earth with new bouts of lust and plenty. These fluids are intermingled with the ichor of Her menstruation also, and we drink it, and we bathe in it, and we wash our eyes and faces with it -smelling the sweet scents of springtime as the spectre of our freedoms, addictions, afflictions and all of our other obsessions threatens to drown us in an overbearing anxious panic. Her hysteria bleeds into our being and the dread is dredged up again

to overshadow our enthusiasm. Yet we wear the blood and drink the blood and cover our worldly bodies with the blood, as our other-worldliness becomes reinvigorated and poised to move.

II

Move forward -march or die! This point will not be remembered -it will be glossed over and covered in mud formed from grave dirt and water from the grave (dug by the hands of men resembling wild wolves, who wish to forget but cannot help to remember everything). This moment is eternal -long-lasting is its impact at the very least. The sooner it is consciously forgotten, the quicker it is absorbed into the collective unconscious. Those who were a part of this will know, and the memory will be dredged up again. Do not be unsure -allow the pain, regret and shame to overwhelm you and then be proud and feel accomplished. On this tangent I will say that my hands were gashed, and I saw the face of a corpse looming in a TV screen. It rotted as I watched, and I gleamed with putrid inspiration! (Keep your thoughts clean -be warned.) Yet I managed to collect the grave water, which eventually resembled holy mud. And I offered it to many to drink thereof over the years, yet few would be worthy and even fewer would dare! I would consecrate all of my implements with this precious liquid -glory be unto the Devil and hail Blessed Death!

III

There was no scent of Death and the grave water tasted clean enough. I remember an old grave being dug up by the hands of several animals. (Chaos over severed heads and hands -Hagalaz hear us! Hail!) Maybe it rained? Whatever the exact details were, the dirt and mud bore water, and our efforts were well rewarded. We dipped in and out of the Earth, getting dirtier as we delved deeper -muddier, murkier, until clear water was found. *Pater noster upto in Terra* -our Father which art on Earth, drink of this offering! This is not of the necrotic, nor the eroticism of Death and all of those strange obsessions and grubby taboos yet. Thanatos and Eros? Eyes in vaginas, sex, breasts and incest -these are the source of a new inquest of depraved minds. Strange though that fratricide is worshipped by the Sons of Cain (Qayin), yet holy incest is detested…at least the Greeks knew how to spin a sordid yarn, free from normal mortal moralities, awash with rapes, incestuousnesses and bestialities. The same could be said of the northern heathens (or pagans) also. On the topic of sexual perversity, it is probably interesting to note here that an army of bisexual Greeks almost took the world by force. Compare that to nowadays where, millennia later, a demented spectrum of genders threatens to end the empire -woe unto the West! This is an aberration, of destiny being wasted and squandered for our individual whims and irresponsible quest for freedoms unearned and not fought for.

IV

Seldom would I offer my true opinions, thoughts or feelings on any subject to those I do not know. Not because I am dishonest, but rather I am usually unwilling to assist. Perhaps it is a latent sadism or a devilish misanthropy that makes me want to watch and observe as someone makes their own mistakes and burns? Why seek advice -we know that the best lessons are learnt by making our own mistakes? Have strength enough to force yourself into discomfort and uncertainty and make your own errors. To err is all-too-human. Herein I will offer the loathsome advice of one who is versed and educated in human psychology, who prefers to be an observer who sees inside and outside of himself. One eye is pained and seeping from time to time. Ayn eye for an eye indeed! Weeping tears of elation, fear and ennui (amongst other things). Wotan's eye is sacrificed, and inner vision is granted. Rune rows fly like crows encircling the dead, emanating from the eye hole wound in his divine one-eyed head. As the memories flow, we try to think to forget the woes of old times and our loved ones dead. As I saw an image of my ancestors beaming at me, I became more mortal and more forlorn than ever before. However, the truth is that I do not love my fellow man -I detest and loath those that do love him (figuratively and literally speaking)- I hate him.

V

What unspeakable deity is best served by such hatred and unashamed loathing of mankind? (I only wrote this rhetorical collection of

words so as not to lose you too soon). Anti-human is its essence -yes! Most likely it is the one with the vibrating bright yellow serpent's eye that I once espied in the wild…but I digress again! 'Hate' is such a strong word, said my forebear, countless times. One must have tongue and mouth and throat strong enough to say these things. It is in fact my aim here to say way too much, to divulge and over share the wretched hard truths of a powerful psyche and a good (read morally superior) mind. The Spirit of the Depths has cried out to me, and I have laughed bloody cacophonies of thunderous laughter with it, numerous times.

Laughter is a powerful cleansing gnosis -beware, though, of the Blind Idiot laughing too much!

Do not sacrifice both of thy eyes for the hope of inner vision only, lest we forget. The blind rage of hate is such a strong emotion, which is particularly suspect in this day and age, and of one who is supposedly emotionally distant. (One Christmas another cherished ancestor once said unto me, 'I am only a distant entity'). She was a gifted Gnostic-Christian in fact -Christian yes, but Gnostic nonetheless- quite open to discoursing with me about the loftier spiritual aspects of the Torah and New Testament, with an insight far beyond Hell Fire and brimstone, beyond judgement and eschewing personal responsibility. More concerned with the transcendent God than the worship of the temporary Christ. She was always happy -almost to the point of being too eager- to bestow

a blessing, especially to me! What a warm and charming lady.

VI

These words are of the so-called ‘Everlasting Gospel’ of the utter master William Blake, but something much less lofty and much more obnoxious (originally, and somewhat awkwardly, called ‘Earth’s Disaster Gospel’ many years ago). As I remember the story, Blake would sit down every night to write more of the poem over a prolonged period of time, potentially letting his varying whims and moods affect the direction of the ambitious work. Maybe that was the intention, trying to tap into a form of automatic or inspirational writing process? The alchemical process of time has distilled this vitriol, purging its prior forms and yielding something much more dangerous and potent. This is not a diatribe or an inditement against mankind at this time -but I could very easily be swayed. Men I have counted as my brothers have betrayed me, for minimal to no gain, and that enrages me. I have stabbed old friends and been stabbed by friends and enemies alike! (I will talk about the scarification and physiological differentiation of my Earth body at length later). Closest confidents have gone silent and slipped away, quietly limping into the dead air of mild summer nights. Total radio silence -Raidho! Roads to friends’ homes are well worn, even when they are far away…We all know of the slow decay as old ways once well-known become unkempt and overgrown. There is no love lost there -many names, faces and places will

come and go, to be left by the side of the road like innumerable carcasses covered in dust and debris. To say it another way, you may see headlights in the distance on a long straight stretch of highway at night. They get brighter and brighter until at their brightest point -just before you avert your eyes- then they are gone. Don't waste love or hate on faded and failing ingrates. Look skywards and follow the starry cross.

VII

It has been commonly advised to aspiring writers that they should write and tell their own stories in their own voices. I aspire to literally write as I speak at some point herein, to offer an honest glimpse at an unguarded moment in time laden with vulgarity and crassness -it is my Will. The beautiful sophistry will be cast aside for a while, and the raw hideousness of my thoughts will be seen. The reconciliation of the two will be a difficult task, as the language we use is situationally dependent. In a professional setting we speak differently to others than we do between lovers, and man to man. Be prepared to speak your mind and a base man will avoid you -you don't have to do so honestly, however. Keep in mind that this is only an opinion. Speak only truth and liars will find you. Be intimidating and a weak man will avoid you also. If you choose to take this advice, be prepared not to be pretentious or boastful and avoid posturing, as those who are strong and have integrity will destroy you. I have seen a stupid man appear to be intelligent because he would not talk or engage in conversation.

I have to admit that his strategy in remaining quiet was wise, however, by posing as a smart man his integrity was forfeited. On intimidation, be physically strong and engage in physically challenging pursuits, and psychological strength will follow. Keep everything simple enough and avoid the convoluted -human joy needs to be found in the simplest (usually purist) things. Actively seek the simple pleasures such as the moon, sun, fire, stars, seasons for therein you will find profundity, eternity and meaning. Those who revel in the convoluted and overly complicated are degenerate -I am primarily thinking about relationships between people at this moment, however the sentiment is very easily generalized to many other areas of our existence (think politics, religion, spirituality, institutions and the like).

VIII

The love of Wisdom Divine is of this sacred simplicity. Sophia's tears of joy and harrowing sorrow intertwine with her urine and spittle and sprinkle delicately over our heads and our homelands. Blissfully we lick our lips. We weep in glee as mighty spirits and ancient thought forms weep and sweep through our beings independently of our existences and distant memories.

Remember! It has been said that the Demiurge was manifested from Sophia's thrice blest essence. Some say the She was forcibly taken -how unfortunate. The truth of this criminal mystery will remain obscured by cen-

turies of lies and time -what is the utility of that knowledge anyway? Do away with hearsay, rumour mongering and obsessing over trivia and meaningless statistics (know also that synchronicity is argued using statistical anomalies). Meaning is begotten by unique events...O great creator (and creator of that creator ad infinitum) grant us one more hour, or one more portion of time! Time to perfect our arts, protect our hearts and project our dark arts outwards, in vain hope that we will survive death and continue to exist even if only in spirit (or failing that, in the misty and oft times foggy distant memory of the collective psyche).

IX

For every time I am resolved to lay bare my soul, I devolve into another Devil again. I am revulsed and repulsed at the total Self-control of the Ego -overbearing. Mayhap I said that, trying for a rhyme sublime? Yet as an initiate I know the truth in it, hinting at the utter bliss of transcending into the divinities -as our Spirit soars far above, so our soul toils below. I do not mean to be disingenuous and attempt only to spread the truth as I have seen it -perhaps I have not words strong enough to convey my experiences existed and will have to enlist a lizard tongue to express that which is incipit, implicit, insipid, explicit, illicit, and yet also exquisite. Such is the expanse of the human spirit to contain within all that is written, spoken, thought and done that is dark and awful, yet aspirational and great also. The Spirit of the Depths cried out to me again and I cut its throat. As it bled to death and perished,

the great Eye of the Abyss cried! An evil flower arose from its sundered throat and began to grow, and eventually it spoke! Indeed, it was young, not long of this Earth, -other worldly- but it seemed to know. It emerged from the depths, far below, and insisted her name was Psyche. (More like Daemon, Devil, Evil, Deity, Divinity, Demigod, Angel, Good, God, Inspiration, Demogorgon, Erogenous, Erroneous and Aberration all at the same time). This Aberration is absolved, through the Nigredo dissolved -alas the riddle remains unsolved (to me at least).

X

Perhaps we are now caught in a vortex thoughtless, littered with alliteration that threatens to distort any and all that is worthy within. I must confess that I love the sound of the written word, therefore be warned. What thoughts have I formed so far? Mere abortions probably. Most likely I am distorting thought forms as I write these ideas and pause to think as I write. Alas Schopenhauer would turn his nose up at my methodology (see his brilliant essay '*On Authorship and Style*') and Nietzsche may well go and embrace an ass in the town square for all I care (and I know it was purportedly a horse but this is a triple entendre regarding his views on thinking, insanity and posteriors), however, these thoughts are raw and authentic, and this text is a dark martial art wilfully created (of my own volition) to re-

veal my Diabolic Gnosis and expose my true essence.

XI

Yet the storming of my thoughts did not destroy me -indeed my soul beamed. Whatever nourishment it sought after was gently fed back to it here. Alike the wild animal coaxed into eating from a human hand, my soul slowly slithered forth from its drab burrow (also its barrow) where it rested, surrounded by various implements of Death -sickles, scythes, swastikas, knives- and pungent incense smoke (o! the aromas!). Deep within the 4th Hill that same expression was said in bewilderment, whence one aspiring initiate knocked on a massive metal door and it answered back... 'Wage war with weaponized words,' I heard him say, and flags of hate were raised again. 'Dominate. Discriminate. Hate! Hate! Hate!' The primeval emotion arises within, stirred to some semblance of action affected like the tides by the moon. Aggression, violence and anger is my prime mode of being. Hate helps feed those flames, along with a withering death stare! Discrimination here is concerned with what is deemed to be good or bad to the individual, more discernment than bias. (As a side note, if implicit bias is unconscious, is it natural or learned and forgotten? Keep in mind that I am not asking if it is *right*, yet.) Beware, contrary to popular childhood platitudes, words wound. There are reasons why wise men say and mean 'the pen is mightier than the sword' and 'my word is

my bond'. Say little, train hard and reserve the harshest words for those who deserve them.

XII

Where twin rivers converged and bubbled, I ventured. The name of this sacred place means what was just said (and sounds strangely familiar to Woden). As one would expect I partook of rituals there. To access the site, I had to cross a precarious railway bridge, very cautiously. I was adorned in a strong, sweet oil. The anointing oil poured from my brow into my eyes causing some pain and loss of vision, which made the daring crossing even more fraught than normal. Several have died in this river over the years, in much less isolated places (admittedly though, they were engaged in much less meaningful endeavours, doing foolish things such as trying to perform stunts to impress worthless others). My rituals at this somewhat ancient spot were primitive and unevolved, to say the least. They involved genuine blood sacrifice, veneration of the Devil and Chaos, carried out with devotion and sincerity. Ah, blessed sincerity -what a strange phenomenon that is nowadays, where everything is scoffed at, laughed at, belittled, regarded lowly with derision, mocked, faked, replicated, copied and where the most personal moments are re-enacted, documented, filmed, recorded and monetized to the point where the many-too-many cannot cope or deal with that which is authentic. There has been no better time than now for a pig-headed, dogged and steadfast rejection of the inauthentic -the escapism engendered by a

complete lack of direction and emotional and intellectual commitment. This is a symptom of mass existential emptiness, and a sadism of sorts. It is a form of cultural forlornness, of souls far down the path of aberration, believing they are free…where laughter as medicine is actually a dark form of gnosis, whereby we try to belittle to feel bigger and better ourselves. This dismissive and derisive laughter is its own trap and denial of that which is. Ask of others 'what do you stand for?' and 'what do you think?' -don't care for their opinions or beliefs as they are mostly meaningless words stitched together to seem interesting, intelligent or informed.

XIII

Know now that even in weakness one can be strong; in ill health one can be healthy; in poverty one can be wealthy if it is authentic and engaged in with sincerity. One can even be authentic in being inauthentic and create an entire persona out of being in opposition to everything (refer to my critics!) … The exhausted breaths of the wretched lap against the hull of our mighty galleon warship -a man-o-war powering through the surging seas. The breaths are filled with self-loathing and hatred, and only very slightly laced with resentment -I do not want to appear too Nietzschean in my assessments and accusations. I am aiming for accuracy (possibly to henceforth be called Kafyrfosphorean [Ka-fear-fos-for-ee-an] of Kafyrfosesque [Kaf-ka-esque]??). Nor do I want to sound too simplistic (despite my earlier exhortations to the contrary), psy-

chological (or psychoanalytical) -despite a formal education geared towards this field. These are complex systems that are nigh on impossible to unpick -hence why I am using a trench knife for this vivisection. Forgive the crudity of my methods (or complete lack thereof, for ofttimes it appears as if I am stabbing ecstatically in the dark).

XIV

Mister Obilic dug open a grave with his bare hands with me. The sundered grave became a pit. He hid in the mud amongst the battle slain, blood covered. Smothered. Contorted amongst a multitude of corpses of the fallen. Until dark he lay beneath the carcasses and then he rose. The assassin of the enemies' god man rose from the dead to strike. We say he lay in waiting to 'kill'; they taint it with their heightened sense of morality and call it 'murder'. We hail him as a 'hero', they denounce him as an 'unscrupulous coward'. So shameless to sleep amid the dead. The sultan is dead, of that we can be sure -how the hero came to end his life we cannot be certain. He had a hidden knife, a sword, a blade, a dagger, a sliver of something sharp, or some murderous implement stolen from a corpse. That blade was one blade and all blades at once. It was and is all blades that were ever forged and beaten into being. It was all fictional, mythological and fanciful swords that have been imagined. It was every sharp cutting edge that has existed and will exist, as well as those that have not and were begun but not completed. It was of its time and timeless (at least until the end of

the comprehension and memory of this form of communication). He was captured and had a concealed weapon. He supposedly rose from the corpses and crept into the sultan's camp intent on killing. He betrayed him. He tricked him. He deceived him with copious amounts of indignity. Or did he? He is a national hero, a war criminal and now a myth with numerous rumours swirling about him. Each instant is of this infinity. Milos cuts, slashes or stabs eternally. Murad dies again and again without end. These profound moments resound throughout eternity because they are great, however all of the mundane ones do too. I am sure if you allow yourself to think (or reminisce) you too will have moments in your personal mythology that you remember, recall and replay in your mind over and over again. Moments and memories that you would love to remember and others you struggle to forget. Don't get lost in what was.

XV

These eternal recurrences may be emanations of multiverses (which would be unimaginably immense). As some have suggested, each choice made by an individual would split into a new universe of possibilities. This would be unintelligibly massive wherever or however it existed (for wont of a better word), however, the reality of it would be infinitely larger than just the replication or creation of universes based on one individual's mortal decisions (the stench of anthropocentricism and self-obsession is almost overbearing) -each instant would regenerate itself infinitely. I

doubt that, if multiverses did continue to emerge, the process would be linked to the decisions of people. Not to be too nihilistic here, but human choices and actions are of minimal consequence to our own solar system, let alone entire universes. Perspectives on such massive ideas and topics need to be huge, not limited and trivialized by the lives of men and/or women. Many yearn to think that they are important because these supposed multiverses emanate forth from their actions. Indeed, it is a benefit of having a developed and complex brain that one can indulge in such fantasies, however it is mere hubris and delusion. Yes, it is entirely possible -we have thought it, and some have said it, but how does it grant us any benefit to believe this? If the theory of multiverses determined by our actions and decisions is true then we are not really condemned to be free to make our own decisions -we are merely one individual consciousness observing a very narrow shard of its potential, combined causal and acausal selves, entirely void of choice. We would be wholly imprisoned in determinism as all possible outcomes are theoretically manifest. To make this Hell worse, we are now aware that we are trapped.

XVI

It may be worth mentioning here that many years of my life were devoted to studying an utterly fascinating subject with the most unfortunate name: 'Behavioural Science'. I personally prefer the term 'Psychology' and greatly admire the etymology of it and what

it alludes to -the study of the soul. Psychology as Behavioural Science is interesting nonetheless, and it has many great thinkers that have contributed to the body of knowledge that it is, with Cognitive Psychology, Social Neuroscience, Social Cognitive Neuroscience and Systems Psychology being some of the highest pinnacles of the field. Ryan Anschauung's 'Liber Bathyal' was inspired by the author's study of Social Neurosciences (if I recall correctly). It is also interesting to compare the centrality of 'Aphos' and the aphotic of Diabolic Gnosticism to the bathyallic -bacchanalian-works of Temple of THEM... Much of what we think and how we view the world has been heavily impacted by the psychological phases of the generation before us as the ideas slowly seeped out of academia and into the psyche of the masses. To wit, most of us are familiar with an approximation of Freudian psychology and psychoanalysis, and can use many of the terms that Freud used (Ego, Id, Oral-, Anal- and Phallic- fixations, Death Drive, transference, urges et cetera, et cetera) and can recognize some of his ideas playing out in the behaviours of others (especially those of older generations) such as defence mechanisms and the overwhelming power of sex or Death to determine or explain other people's behaviour. Jungian Archetypes, the Myers-Brigs Type Indicator, Maslow and his Hierarchy of Needs, Pavlov's dogs and classical conditioning, Erikson's Psychosocial Stages, and the Behaviourism and 'positive reinforcement' of B.F. Skinner are all ideas that are more-or-less widely known throughout the

West, not to mention opposites attract and the shadowy Psy-Ops of the 'Intelligence' community… Psychological ideas complement and supplement religion (and art and literature to a lesser extent) and subconsciously guide our psyches and behaviours. I daresay these ideas will be mentioned, twisted and contorted throughout this piece.

XVII

What of psychedelics, especially in relation unto the healing or uncovering of the mind (and the mind's eye/s)? I am not sure if I have previously publicly admitted to being an occasional psychonaut and splashing acid on the eyes and faces in my inner spaces and abysses. Astral temples have been wobbled and foundations shattered by ingesting psychoactive substances several times. Beliefs were rounded up, bound, butchered and ultimately unbelieved in. Perceptions were enhanced as I was entranced by multi-coloured visions. I could feel and see heat and the heaving of all things, however I do not believe that it was a mystical experience. I question others who think that these chemicals beget spiritual revelations -their proclamations and attestations instead point to a mundane existence or hint at one who is easily swayed by such impressions and projections. May the doors of perception be cleansed, but be warned that through the lens of entheogens, thus pours forth the deception also.

XVIII

Ghastly torrid gusts of old air descended from concentric circles somewhere above my head. I forced my eyes closed and put my pale hands together in prayer. Curved lines of intense energy emanated from my pious hands in iconic arcs, and numerous diminutive eyes appeared, writhing therein with a multitude of ever-changing colours (alike the unsettling spectrum on the surface of spilt petrol). In fear of becoming desperately lost in the endlessly entertaining spectacle, I made a concerted effort to open my eyes. Open! Open up to see the light! I opened my eyes. I looked outwards and saw two loathsome, bloated creatures in the gloom. I saw vast gulfs and vistas in the spaces in between us. Over the perilous abysses the mammoth, rounded torsos spoke of corrupted minds and depraved souls. Indeed, these were the horrifically deformed bodies of sinners destined for eternal perdition, yet they were oblivious of their trespasses. ‘Gluttony’ and ‘Reckless Excess’ was written on their broad foreheads.

Lacklustre waves of energy lapped lethargically at their mishappened sides, ebbing in and out of the daemons’ orbits. One of the creatures was a grotesque dragon heaped upon a pile of rocks in the guise of an island. It had three chins and was amused. It exuded an air of weird calmness -as a strange scientist watching over an odd and unnatural experiment. He was the Beast of Revelations at rest, at ease before the End of Days and the end of the world.

The other obese being was somewhat indifferent -nervous, almost frantic, with an inquisitive mind. It was uneasy and neurotic with a sluggish body that betrayed nothing of the instability of the overactive mind. Its eyes could not conceal the manifest discomfiture he experienced continuously. This second beast was the interrogator. He was the diabolical follower of the first great Beast. To Mega Therion indeed! I was to be thoroughly judged by the pair of unholy creatures with toad-like countenances.

'What are you?' asked the giant neurotic toad. All of the energy encircling him now blazed outwards in little straight lines. I truly pondered the question. I saw myself standing upright, alone on a void plane. I described what I saw to the judge, 'I am a being of Vibrating Light. Everywhere I go I bring my light.'

'What is this Vibrating Light comprised of?' Retorted the bloated toad with a snort.

I paused and thought. Vibrating Light. Moving light. What type of light acts like this? 'Fire. I am formed of fire, the light that vibrates within.'

'When the light vibrates, what of the space in between? Is the fire in two places at once?' So flowed his questions sounding like storm water lapping at a drain's edge.

Automatically I responded instantaneously, 'yes, there are vast dark spaces in between. I am Two and One and None at once! I am All Things and No-thing and something -one

thing despite the quantum paradox that I am an embodiment of.'

'Don't forget to breathe,' barked the other Beast, whose visage was that of a massive bull-dog/pig dog. He stood upon two legs proudly. He was authoritative, a kind of tragic King dressed in tattered clothes and robes. Was he a shaman or a philosopher King? Was he me? What is the right protocol for such a situation -how does one address a King? Before my very eyes I saw a Beast become a great King -a tragic King- complete with an aristocratic air. The other toad remained poised in stony silence, meditating or hibernating. He was now a stone idol.

More warm air gushed from above and the depraved idol croaked in relief. The king had disappeared whilst I focused on the deathly silent toad. Is this part of the cosmic test? Was I successful, or had I failed? Whence had the great Beast King gone? To get a sacrificial knife? Paranoia rioted in my brain. 'What?' I voiced my doubt, 'what?'

I followed the cold dead gaze of the second toad-like Beast to over my left shoulder. The first Beast appeared as a fallen and deposed King. He had vomited and now he was ashamed. However, dogs vomit, do not forget it. I was apathetic to the old King's indignation and shame. I had resisted the urge to vomit on this of all occasions. The pigdog cowered as his worshipper looked away, dismayed. The king's clothes were old and worn through! I could see ad hoc patches of pallid skin. O shame of shames! A tragedy happened here -the King

has fallen, and he has devolved into a pigdog like beast.

The other toad sprouted humanoid limbs -how horrific were those bloated features. An electrical light endowed everything I saw and thought with an absurdly artificial essence. The toad wobbled aimlessly as the first Beast reclined on his layers of fat. Each layer oozed beneath him as tiers of lava rolling ever downwards. A god had died here. Dejected, alone, abandoned by the god of old…

A chill breeze bit into my flesh. Its teeth hit my bones. An open door. A new light shone therefrom. Through the doorway I could see sharp bursts of vegetation -dramatic bursts. The cold wind numbed my body, yet I remained paused in awe. The toad-man-beast had passed into the other more natural realm. Of the other bestial creature I asked the obvious question, 'where has he gone?'

'Out there,' he indicated with a puffy paw toward the open door. I could see a meticulously ordered wilderness by the wintry moon light. The pig-dog beast erected a façade of indifference.

He cared little whether his minion lived or died, whether he existed or perished in the extreme cold in the pale light of the glowing nocturnal orb.

I focused on the volcanic dog-god. Yea, he was a dying god, it was truly tragic to see. His pride was a mask; he is weary, growing more and more tired. He was descending into the

depraved depths of wretchedness, into pits of blackest sin. Indeed, his soul was stained black by past liaisons with infernal excess. Now his form was as a reclining Buddha, with three billowing chins. This serene god-man form lasted momentarily before it was superseded by an engorged slug-worm. This is how far the aspiring Beast had sunk! I saw a god-man die, He had descended into an Abyss in search of his true will, alas he found nothingness. He vainly tried to grasp at the void, however, he was forever lost. He is a dweller in the spaces in between the writhing fires -hence he bears the bloated form of corruption. The corruption of his body and soul became his salvation. In sin against the everlasting self he is redeemed over and over again. The dying god wreaked of painful tragedy as he eternally killed himself. His destruction was everlasting salvation, yet this death-rebirth cycle eventually descends upon itself and extinguishes itself. Will the dog-god go on to suffer greater than he ever has?

In the cosmos the serpent bites its own tail and devours itself until it comes to an impasse -the head and mouth cannot devour themselves. Thus, its self-destructive cycle becomes stagnant and seizes up. I saw a self-deflated serpent half alive and half lifeless lying on its side. 'The descent of the dying godman' I sighed.

The second Beast reappeared on this side of the cold threshold. Now I saw two decadent and depraved old beast-men. Bloated. Beaten. Defeated. Above their heads on a blood spat-

tered wall I saw two olden analogue clocks. One was barely moving; indeed, it would bounce backwards every so often. The second clock's hands rotated quicker and quicker until black blood poured from the glassy face. Both clocks stopped in an instant. The first Beast croaked and groaned, 'Choronzon' with the textured voice of an old mystic.

'Sin Chronos, sin!' gargled the second, as an unholy mantra. I heard the distinctive ticking of antique clocks, yet neither clock moved. The door to the outside realm was closed and the vile mantra continued. Both creatures babbled on and on, repeating the same few words. I started laughing like a mad idiot as the mantra continued. The toad vomited forth black torrents of tar.

My laugh became increasing mechanical, 'Ah ah ah ah!'

The great toad-like creature vomited 'Urr-Oo-Oh-Ay-Ae-Ei-Ee!' and an old shaman/mystic repeated 'Sin Chronos, sin.'

I looked at the sickeningly ticking clocks and saw the bespeckled face of Heinrich Himmler beaming down at me, momentarily. The grossly obese beasts were licking their lizard lips and mashing their scales claws together. The noise was loathsome. Now I was the eternal prophet on the threshold to the other side. I bid farewell to the vile Beasts and wandered forth as a newborn babe in awe of the night, outside.

XIX The Evil Tree

I dipped my fingers into the shadowy hole in the bitumen, and a wave of awe overcame me. I smiled and laughed -my whole soul beamed and bowed outwards towards the rest of existence, yet outside of time.

I retracted my hand from the small pit, and the elastic black liquid followed my elongated fingers out of the hole, whence a bright blazing green seedling sprouted out. The appearance of this little plant brought forth an aeon of delight. Above me the night sky gently wept. I have cut open the face of god, and there I was!

Overhead I heard a bat flap its leathery wings incessantly. I looked skywards and saw a plethora of multicoloured bats -some bearing battle axes in their grasps. The softly falling rain drops carefully kissed my eyes and mixed with my exuberant tears. O joy!

I watched the unlikely multitude of bats ambulate awkwardly across the sky, whose blackened clouds, lit by the city lights underneath, seemed to be harsh smoke.

I wandered down the damp road in amazement. As I walked, I saw a plain brown brick house on a corner allotment. In its yard stood a most peculiar thing -a mangled tree, completely void of foliage and branches, save two. Defiantly the tree remained upright, in the shape of a capital ‘Y’. My world of joyous bliss ended with a question, ‘Why?’.

At this untimely point I regarded the deathly tree. Instantaneously I *knew* it to be evil manifest.

XX

One of the most challenging questions we find ourselves asking ourselves of our spirituality, superstitions and religious beliefs is 'is this real?'. Intuitively we understand or accept the utility of our beliefs and the delicate interplay between emotions, psyche and belief, but is it real? What is real? Why do we value that which is real over the unreal? What is the ultimate thing that we value? Do we deem ideas such as pride, wisdom, knowledge, power, strength or material things to be the most valuable thing? What is value? What does it mean -and what is meaning for that matter? I want to cast off all forms of belief and try and find what I am actually seeking…that is an age-old conundrum, trying to find meaning to life, but meaning and purpose even more generally. How does one define meaning? What is the actual value of unbelief? It is all well and good to actively strive to unbelieve things that are false, but what happens when the unbelief becomes a belief itself? What is the value (loosely linked to utility in this instance) of unbelieving in things? Yea, it does cause more doubt and uncertainty, goading some semblance of humility to tenderly escape the confines of blustering hubris. Surely humility is not the end goal in itself. To very many it is the main aim, though I do not believe that it should be the 'be-all and end-all'.

XXI

Perhaps in the past it was the stars, celestial objects and phenomena of nature that piqued the wonder that inspired early man. Maybe it was terror and veneration of Death? The eyes in my Blood shined! New eyes of new (hitherto unknown) gods formed in the slashed flesh of my tattered forearms and chest. Narcissus! Stop staring into the river and the Abyss. See the essence of Soph reflected back at your eye, refracted through the lens of your delusions of grandeur. It is not your true self; it is merely a reflection. Harsh, unspun self-reflection is what you need, not a fanciful glance of a reflection of the Self posing and posturing for maximum effect. You will only see an Ego. Be gone! Banish the false self (if only to yourself -although few are willing and even fewer are capable of complete self-acceptance). Never be too proud to say, 'I do not know.' Regularly say, 'I do not believe' and practice unbelieving in things to avoid being deceived and to try and avoid deceiving yourself (where you can tolerate it). Conversely, the right beliefs can buoy you along and assist in your ongoing struggle -actively choose what you want to believe and know that you have chosen to elevate these ideas above others. Make mantras of your chosen beliefs and repeat them ad nauseum. Self-belief is easy, as you can readily believe whatever you want.

Self-knowledge is much more difficult and more desirable. If the self that you have found does not appear as an abomination (even in part) you haven't found it.

XXII

How many monsters and demons has one found within oneself? How many shadowy reflections have you witnessed or observed? How many have you coaxed into being as an experiment, and how many have you tried to deny and hide away from? Your dreams betray you to yourself, and what is in them should be shared sparingly in the realm of the conscious. I often feel that we are awake only to feed our dreams -to provide nourishment to our earth bodies and find shelter secure enough to let us sleep and return to our dreams. I have noticed that my wildest dreams are usually occurring during a more subdued period in my life, whilst the opposite is true too (usually my most placid and basic dreams occur during times of upheaval and Chaos in my waking hours).

XXIII No Excuse is Good

Over the course of many years and in many fields of operation, including but not limited to organising group ritual work and physical training sessions, I have heard almost every excuse under the face of the sun as to why someone cannot do something -why they, of all people in all circumstances should be excused from not participating in a previously agreed to activity. I will confess my bias by professing that I believe the majority of people are inherently weak, lazy and apathetic vessels, however, no excuse is good. Say

it to yourself often in all types of situations ‘no excuse is good’. Once you can adhere to this thought, then you can judge others by it too. We accusers need to be acutely aware of what we denounce as enemies and be careful with our judgement more generally. That which begets or perpetuates Strength is most often deemed to be the gold standard for our noble judgements of morality and the criteria by which we attribute value to the acts of others and ourselves. In some circumstances savagery, aggression and violent domination can be regarded as both a positive and negative light. Violent reprisals of vengeance against an actual enemy are viewed as noble and positive acts, whereas terrorism against soft targets who are only consequentially related to an actual enemy is viewed as a subhuman act.

(Conjuring sinister images of Muslim fighters in the Middle East gripping Kalashnikovs, the War on Terror and the twin towers falling on nine eleven [falling tower tarot image juxtaposed with IXXI, IXI the day of Wrath, Dies Irae]). Such acts, whilst largely quite effective, are indicative of manifest personal weakness, egotistic self-obsession and narcissism. To wit, an act against an innocent is cowardice, not strength or personal overcoming. If you commit an evil act on the innocent, you will automatically get the bone pointed at you.

The vengeance of the Devil is harsh as He hears the curses made in His dark name (Havayoth, Diabolos, Satan, Sataniel, et al.).

Wrongdoers and transgressors be warned.

XXIV Bone Pointer

Point the bone!
-A sliver of malignancy
Dipped into the rotten flesh
Of a corpse
As blackened forms
Bear forth fiery torches
Through the twisted celestial river
Unto its glistening shores…

May you meet
A torturous death
It is my Will
To dance on your grave
With winged feet
Feathered by birds of prey

The campfires of ancestors,
Endless,
Burn by the edges
Of serpentine waterways
Suspended up on high,
In the night sky,
Bearing witness to my death curses
Unto those most deserving

XXV

One idea that is constantly dredged up from the depths within the milieu of Left Hand Path (LHP) and levelled as an attack, is the role of evil and what evil is, especially in relation to the 'Sinister', Black Magic, Satanism and Diabolism (and to a lesser extent Luciferianism, curses, hexes and witchcraft). It is a foetid old wound that is easily reopened and rarely can be satisfactorily closed over.

Evil within humans is very rarely a genuinely conscious choice of individuals, despite accusations made by external or affected parties, it is mainly a perception of acts or occurrences projected onto such acts or occurrences. Evil is almost always a subjective designation cast outwards, and subjective evil within an individual is almost entirely not committed and non-existent. Through your Strength you will know evil, but you will never be so strong as to engage in it.

XXVI

Note that belief becomes more relevant when you are engaged in strenuous physical activity, hence my veneration of the Devil. As an unbeliever and a purveyor of Unbelief generally, this curious paradox is a lesson learned from experience (and Chaos Magick to an extent) and speaks of a great mystery of the human condition generally. I am using a forced (but genuine) belief in the Devil to access what I recognise as a sychronistically significant inner strength -a strength of the Flesh but also beyond the Flesh. This ties in with positive psychology, which in its turn makes the body conform to the Will of the intellect or mind. I am suggesting that belief becomes more and more relevant as the physical potential of the carnal and mundane Flesh needs to be used despite the unknown and unknowable mysteries presenting an intellectual blockage for the mind. This paradox of belief contra unbelief is enacted every time I train, and it is the source of great gnosis.

XXVII

During Marsttarial training I usually make a threefold dedication unto Blood, Death and the Devil, with great care being taken to not evoke or invoke Death itself (which would be disastrous in combat training and competition fighting). I instead offer veneration and respect unto Death as personified by the Falcifer, Santa Muerte or Blessed Death rather than the blatant end of life. The Blood aspect of my dedication represents what I view is the greatest aspect of an individual's potential, including genetic inheritance, racial memory, a portion of the collective unconscious, family bloodlines and the Acausal numinosity inherent within the Blood. The bestial aspect of fighting and combat as well as the enlightened Diabolic Gnosis component is then represented by the Devil. Essentially my threefold dedication appeals to the Devil to give me strength to overcome my adversary (myself and my training partners) by drawing on the inner strength and Will within my Blood, to destroy that which is weak within myself (via Death) to forge a stronger individual being after the training (meaning I will learn from my mistakes when I get hit, and from my victories when I hit my opponent).

XXVIII

It dawned on me that LVCIFER bears his own Divinity forth, perpetuating the eternal cycle of Phos and Phosphoros, Devil-as-God and God-as-Void. It also dawned on me that the Devil is God (the Devil-as-God), and he

shall be honoured and worshipped. His energy and essence are utterly beyond the Abrahamic slave conceptions, and the so called 'Luciferian Doctrine'. The Devil is not a demiurge, nor an inverted Yahweh, He is something beyond, but also within. He is the conduit of the Non-cosmic and Great External Chaos, and its manifestation of Entropy within each of us. We are the vessels poised to convey this Entropy, the Black Flame, the Sinister Essence, and the Divinity of the Blood.

Cut your flesh and worship the Devil. The twisted black Path of the Devil is accentuated by scars. Differentiate your Earth body and purge your Blood by offering Blood sacrifice to the greater glory of the Devil.

We offer Blood to the Devil to purge our sub/humanity, and come closer to realizing our own numinosity, the divinity of the Blood, the Blood-as-God, the potent flow of the Blood Current, the Entropy within the Blood, and the bond of the Blood Cult.

XXIX

Glory be unto the Devil,
That we may come to know
A glistening glimpse
Of this Diabolic Gnosis…
Agios Diabolos!
Agios Satanas!
Agios O Phosphoros!
Agios O Zaios!

May we come to know the Devil-as-God by way of the dark Gnosis of the Devil. May the Path of the Devil deliver us unto this vicious Wisdom also, that the Blood of life be endowed with Diabolic Gnosticism, and we be inspired and enthused by the Black Flames of Chaos.

XXX Devil Worship and Self-Mutilation

Strange aberrations, I cried. Asylum seekers recently arrived via boats, sow their mouths shut, stitching their lips up -no longer free to feed- in protest for some long-forgotten cause, totally ignorant and unaware of the mutilations that the youth of the society they are so desperately trying to join, willingly subject themselves to -piercing tongues, lips, brows, labrets, nostrils, genitals, nipples et al. I mean, have they seen what types of scarification some of us administer to our earthly, meat bodies? I do not believe so -I would be surprised if they could even imagine such self-destructive activities. It is pure Devil worship and self-mutilation!! Whatever gets the desperately sought after attention though… In the golden dawn Abhor Ray Shun. I spoke to

a wandering musician who one day cut the veins in his feet in an attempt to take his own life -he didn't cut his arms or neck, because you can make music sitting down, but you cannot play a guitar with slashed wrists, or sing a joyful tune with a tattered neck...

Another I have known proudly showed me the horrific scars from their countless failed suicide attempts, ironically due to the severe pain they felt with being incompetent and hopeless. At least they had the good sense to not be ashamed of their failings!

XXXI Aberrations

What then is the 'aberration' that is mentioned ad nauseum and ad libitum within these thrice blest pages? The so-called '*Liber Aberration*', or book of aberration/s is also a crude mud map scratched into the clay, etched in stone columns, showing a path to freedom -one's liberation, free from the chains and darkness that bind our minds as drunkards imprisoned in overnight cells (yelling arrogant curses and casting black magic spells at our jailers in vain).

Aberrations can be regarded as mistakes, wrong steps, regrettable things said and done, but also changes that have been made, deviations, adaptations (or mutations in biological and sanguinary evolution). Aberrations are differences and synchronicities that occur despite the high probability that they should not occur. There are lessons that can be learnt -life lessons shared herein as the first step on the path towards a new form of morality based on

Strength as the mightiest virtue and highest law. It is an overwhelming code of honourable personal conduct, the aberration being the means to challenge and oppose one's dogmas and beliefs, to replace them with a regime that is more practical, physical, pure and real.

By identifying modern Man (or humanity) as the Enemy, we use our misanthropy to destroy that which we hate, to purge 'humanity' of its degenerate, weak and loathsome elements, to reinstate a primitivity to the human beast, strip the creature back to bare bones where necessary, and use our primitive mindset to destroy those bones with stones, eat the marrow, and sow the fractured splinters as seeds for a new breed of human being, humanity rebuilt in in an image of Strength and Power. Thus, we shall come to redefine what humanity is -we are it. Keep in mind that this creature that shall be brought into being by force and Will is not excessively callous, nasty, selfish, spiteful or small minded (that would be the culmination of the evolutionary trajectory of the current human beast). Simplicity will fascinate as abstract complexity (for its own sake) will be utterly shunned. Hir will be mighty with judgement and justice, seeking to better itself spiritually, physically, psychologically and intellectually, as well as assisting others. True superiority. Moral supremacy. A civilised savage that embraces the Conquering Spirit within and who uses the cycle of destruction and rebirth to encourage new growth, rather than absolute or chronic self-destruction (especially via indulgence). Scorching Earth and singing skin as

the Conquering Spirit is appeased, worshipped and adored, as something truly worthy. As something meaningful and of high value.

It should also be mentioned that great care needs to be taken in making sure that we are not bred out of existence whilst we pursue these lofty ambitions. Evolution can be a cruel master or mistress who will replicate quick, cheap copies of the human creature, and flood the world with worthless imitations -spirit-less, weakened animals in denial of the good life (completely oblivious to what that *actually* means).

Through valiant efforts we can make a science of studying the soul, to inspire greater accomplishments, rather than creature comforts and consumer items that encourage escapism from the living organism and the world. (Once again, I have spiralled skyward as a great Eagle to espy my prey, and as a gnostic crow named Syn, poised to see all and to think deeply.
By writing this I do not mean to alienate any of my loyal readers or fellow Diabolic Gnostics. I aim to challenge and confront to give rise to the thirst within my allies. Our Honour is called
Loyalty!

The astute reader or stalker who has been, dare I say, 'following' my works would know that mine is an ideology (or even philosophy) of life and a morality based on realism, experience and strength. Our ideas are transient, beliefs come and go (contrary to the thoughts of Cognitive Behaviouralists) and perceptions change, even as quickly and forcefully as our

all-too-fickle moods. And while etymology, classicism and philology are very interesting in and of themselves, I do not believe that they are going to pave a way forward for our modern (or contemporary) mindset, moving forward. Once one could engage in the 'happy' science or hear a kookaburra singing in the tree without suspicions cast upon their sexual orientation… (bear in mind that according to dreamtime tradition the kookaburra's call is also the herald of the Morning Star). Meanings of words do change, and history or the past does not necessarily determine what our vocabulary means now.

(Does it even matter that Jesus' surname was not Christ?)

By Strength I do not mean brutality, cruelty or heartlessness. In many situations I have seen mercy, humility and forgiveness be stronger and more powerful than their opposites (albeit in a measured and tempered way). If forgiveness comes from a position of weakness and inability to take revenge, it is not pure and strong or noble, it is pathetic and hopeless submission.

Forgiveness granted by the Conquering Spirit is an eternally fearsome gift or curse.

As Diabolic Gnosticism evolves, the idea of Satanism becomes less and less relevant. Satan, as it is understood in Diabolic Gnosticism, is an antihuman entity that is the antithesis of every single human being -it is the absolute negation of the Self -an anti-existence. This 'anti-human' is potentially found somewhere

in a multiverse in Space and Time within the Noncosmic Chaos (Kaiosz) that is everything (a Pleroma and an Abraxas). For this idea to be true it assumes that there is a balance within the universe (or Noncosm) that has not been seen as of yet. Every Star creates a Space. A Chaos a Void. A God a Devil. A Male and a Female. Divine Masculinity and Divine Femininity…Perhaps we are to push our language to have a God and an Antigod, a Christ and an antichrist? Within Man there is Man, and his opposer is a (or the) Devil. It is interesting to note that when we talk about our humanity it is usually as a caring and empathetic mindset, as opposed to inhumanity, which is generally also known as evil. Know now that within every 'Synchro-Gnostic' there is a Diabolic Gnostic, and with every Noncosmic A/Gnostic is synchronicity and Diabolism. Diabolism is that which frees us from the confines of the Demiurge. We need eyes to see these things and not be confused, lest thy eyes are brutally stabbed and attacked by the extremists of the other religious persuasions of submission, peace,
forgiveness, love, asceticism and self-denial… (This is very quickly becoming a rant, mad, raving and twisted)! Do you even know what a Christ is? And if so, how does that relate to you, and by extension, the great unwashed masses? Is it really relevant anymore? How many Christs have there been (assuming that Jesus existed at all)? And how many Baptists for that matter?

XXXII

The modern world rages and whirls about us, desperately seeking to thwart our True Will and destroy our souls. However, sometimes even a modern human can be at one with its ancient, blood drenched Spirit, and a portion of divine inspiration can come... do *you* have eyes to see and ears to listen to the call of Sophia?

My Diabolic Gnosis is strong, and I am resolute on my Path of the Devil. Through the supposed Chaos of this world, I can see a way forward -all is not hopeless and lost. If YOU submit to the weak and easy nihilistic mindset that nothing can be changed, YOU are hopelessness, confusion, discontentment and disorder. Be warned, the Great External Chaos beyond is infinitely more capricious than this realm... those that go beyond and can see further have to learn to be steadfast in their knowledge, understanding and nonbelief. Respectfully witness the divine Fire of Wisdom and actively listen to it speak.

XXXIII

My political and philosophical bent is based on the morality of the strong, inspired by Nietzsche's idea of master morality, outlined in '*The Genealogy of Morals*' tempered with the methods of Sun Tzu's master work '*The Art of War*' and mixed with the psychological ideas of Carl Jung. All 'humanities' ideals should come from this too. Between these great thinkers we come to harmony as we mature by indulging ourselves, accepting ourselves and following our inner divinity.

Harmony is not always weak or torpid. It isn't about balance either, it is discipline, self-control and doing your own True Will. But this can only be done by pure, noble people.

We will always purge that which is weak, even to our detriment.

XXXIV Loyalty

The men of honour and loyalty are few and far between!

So many are too weak to count on as allies, because they are approaching Diabolical Gnosticism from the wrong angle. It is not a self-help group of misfits trying to do Live Action Role Playing! It is not about feeling better about yourself and your regrettable decisions. It is most certainly not about justifying any of the great corruptions of human sexual practices or other types of 'predatory' or violent actions. It is not about coming to terms with one's guilt for profaning and sullying the sacred life essence -or the regret of wasting one's life. It is a calling to true individuals to develop themselves further; to be a shining exemplar to others of the human race, it is not a meagre reflection of one's hubris!

Solid values such as I have written and sung about over the last few decades, and other *beings* with these values, are the ones that you should be loyal to-be they human or non-human, living or dead, an idea, a value or something transitory, brief beliefs (remember,

do not believe in that which does not make stronger).

Here, please learn from my experience, and do not repeat my mistake: don't be loyal-to-a-fault as manipulators will seek you out and weaponise your loyalty and honour against you. Also, outside of your sacred vows to your carefully chosen and specially selected partner (of the opposite sex of course!) do not seek to proclaim or admit your loyalty to anyone -even the one/s that you are loyal to. Your word is hollow here -your actions are your bond.

Also, do not seek to test any other's loyalty- trust your gut and assume they have none. A wise and successful man once said to me 'Trust no bastard'. A cynical and cutting maxim to be sure, but this wise man is socially well adjusted and held in high esteem.

Never be so weak and desperate that you need to *rely* on another's loyalty.

Onwards we will march, conquer and mercilessly destroy our enemies to establish our acts of
moral supremacy as the Law. Glory be unto the Devil!

XXXV Free to Think What You Will

I do not believe in your so-called rights or human rights in general (only might makes right as someone anonymous so infamously wrote). With that in mind, think what you will -we are free to think absolutely whatever we want, that is whatever we dare or are cre-

ative enough to think of, we are completely free to think it. We are also free to say and do whatever we want to, provided we have tongues and bodies strong enough to say and do it (do what you will). However, there can be severe consequences for what is said and done, especially if it is of a cruel, offensive, perverted, evil, malicious or nasty inclination. Indeed, I am guessing that these areas of concern were the first place the critical thinking mind went to when considering my statement/s above (yes, let it be known that the inclination to negativity is an aberration). My concerns and endorsements are not with the Sadean libertines and their degenerate tastes and highly unlikely impunities, nor are they with human rights or supposed freedoms (freedom of speech) enshrined in the laws of men, nations or civilisations. It is painful to think that laws are established to discourage certain people (also known as degenerates) from doing what they are naturally inclined to do -abuse the vulnerable and innocent.

XXXVI (O Nobley Born, that which is called Death has now come)

Psy Ops, scythe ops, cyclops -the all-seeing eye atop the trine, the One Eye, one eyed, wide eyed and surprised! If your paranoia is so intense that it is stimulated by these words, you are at best the closed eye looking in on itself. At worst you are the eye that was forcibly cut from your face, and the empty wound from whence the eye was removed. You are not that important. You want to be watched, you crave the attention, despite not getting it, and that

is you psychologically analysed. You barely deserve as much attention as I have given you in this work. Suffice it to say, I see you, we all do, but we yearn to turn a blind eye to your lunacy, your desperate craving for attention and obsessive self-importance bordering on the delusions of grandeur. Let it be known that there are watchers out there, but they do not look out for you, your thoughts, beliefs, fantasies, ideas or anything of the all-too-human self. They only crave the life force and energy that is contained in the vessel that is your fleshy Earth body, and the blood that courses through your veins.

The majority of these watchers are shadowy entities that exist between spaces, that can only very occasionally be seen with the naked eye. Some of them can structure the phosphenes that can be seen when you close your eyes, and there are other more complex entities that desire the life essence also. So far as I have seen, these entities only watch and wait until the life essence draws nigh, and then they absorb it. I am not sure why. They are vampiric scavengers, poised and waiting for the passing of life. My experiences with these entities are almost always only benign and transitory -although sometimes they have taken on much more distinctive shapes and even appeared to wilfully follow some of the laws and restrictions of our physics. Maybe to even mention it is an error of judgement on my behalf, another aberration, however, since it has now been said, I dare to crawl on my belly further down this muddy path…

It was during the greatest Aberration of my life (my new initiation if you Will) that I came to witness one of the aforementioned entities, this time it was quite fully formed and distinctive. It bore the semblance of a female lupine humanoid, with long limbs and grey, hairless skin. My first thought was of the '*Tibetan Book of the Dead*' and the confrontation with certain death entities mentioned therein. She was lurking, almost stalking, pacing around a black hole, which I took to be a deathly abyss, a portal for me to pass through as I passed away. I was keenly aware that she was drawn by the scent or essence of my blood (of which I had lost copious amounts of). I wasn't particularly drawn to the blackened abyss, and the entity was not desperate or yearning for my demise. She wasn't guarding the pit either. Of the pit, all I could say is that there was a black smoke or fire emanating from it, but it wasn't an offensive smell or of overbearing heat. I was curious, but careful not to express too much interest in the scene, as it seemed like I could very easily be dragged into the black hole, and god knows what would have happened then!

On a mundane front, my clothes and combat boots were completely and utterly soaked in blood. It was so thick it looked like mud. My shirt was cut from my chest. The smell was so strong I could taste it. The scent permeated everything, except for the lupine entity and the black pit. The cut was so deep I could see various layers of my skin and muscles -my artery was touched and severed. There was blood everywhere! Luckily, I had good sense, and strength of character, to stay calm, raise

my arm, and walk myself to a hospital. That is the sort of fortitude I want out of my Brothers of the Blood, not necessarily an almost fatal wounding and the subsequent near-death experience such as I faced (an unfortunate and untimely accident) but someone who can remain strong when all around is panic and confusion. Someone who can remain dedicated when no one is telling them what to do and managing their evolution. Someone who is militant in their spirituality and themself because it is right.

XXXVII

Ours is a spirituality based on/in militancy as well as good health and well-being (especially with its whizzing little iconic whorl, dot, dot, dot). To be militant one must be healthy and fit (physically and mentally). This is the root of Marsttarial, our 'Martial Arts' in reference to all types of warfare, especially anything that comes under the battle banners of the gods Mars, Ares, Horus, Montu, Bellona, Woden, et al., asymmetric warfare (as is our go to at this early stage of our evolution -Diabolic Gnostic diaspora!) and to a lesser extent combat training, including military service, training, competition fighting, shooting and combat sports. I hope that my ambitions do not appear to be too lofty or fantastical, because they are not. A Combat Division 47 (Diabolic Gnosticism) is already established. Training has begun in various areas across the world -targets are being identified. At this stage ours is a motto of 'victory at any cost', until the Doctrine of Marsttarial is more securely established, and

Law 424 (Death Before Dishonour) can be implemented. The movement starts as something revolutionary until it gets to a certain threshold, where the latent conservatism of the 47 movement becomes the dominant culture, where the revolutionaries either adapt, or they are purged, made as burnt offerings on the altars of our long-lasting greatness.

XXXVIII

Be well advised that I have not said too much here -probably not quite enough, but the aristocracy keeps its mouth shut (TAKIMS). If you boast and talk out of turn (such as divulging anything esoteric to the currently worldly authorities) you are not of our ilk. This includes the idiots who talk too openly in the vicinity of devices that *can* hear what you are saying. Too often the first level of training and sounding out new adherents is telling them to watch their tongues, actual and proverbial of course. Fools flashing fascist pictures in an attempt to impress but failing miserably and potentially compromising their allies. Know now that there are somethings that authorities *do* want to hear, and their web of undercover agents and informants will readily encourage you to say those things. To wit, the idea of an 'echo chamber' has a different meaning to what you may wrongly believe it does, for the most part the easily led or impressionable are echoing extremist sentiments that government agents are goading them to say. On the other hand, those encouraging restraint are usually better for your health and freedom in the mid to long term.

XXXIX

In sharp contrast to (dis-)organisations and so-called 'orders' that inspired us, we are not pendulum pushers. We are not these entirely mercurial, amorphous beings with no values, aims or morals. The morality of Strength, formed from Strength, very clearly dictates what we stand for, and what we are in opposition to. I think some aspiring neophytes will be sorely disappointed by the conservatism and righteousness that is at the core of the 47 movement. We call ourselves Diabolic Gnostic, as an extension of old 'Gnosticism' for a reason -we have come to know that the God of the Bible Yahweh/Allah is the Evil One, and that the Devil, Havayoth, is the true god of this world (of this post-Judeo-Christian human construction in the very least). Yahweh/Allah sees all, hears all and is responsible for all, and all things are done in accordance to his will, but it is the Devil that gives us choice -to choose to be good, to choose to submit to the evil machinations that forever flow from Yahweh/Allah (or the ultimate amorality of Nature) or have strength to stand in opposition to these wrongs (as immoral as we may view them) and build for ourselves images, idols and fetishes to worship, and holy structures to worship them in -my body is my temple erected in honour of the Divinity of the Blood! The Devil-as-God then can be driven by pure hate and intolerance, but it can also be love, acceptance and tolerance. The Devil is the driving force for humanity as it is now, and as it has been for millennia. It is all of

the gods that have come before it, and those that are manifesting now, until the Demiurge is destroyed. There is grotesqueness in the Demiurge because it is a god created from a primitive mindset, an old psychology, where much of humanity was still beast. Life and Death had a different fascination and we used to break the bones of the dead with stones to liberate their spirits. It has been argued that Yahweh was a god of storms before he became the ultimate god. Either way the aspiring primitive brain projected new malformed attributes to the desert god, and intellectuals, with vested interests, have been arguing within those restrictions almost ever since.

XL

Judeo-Christian-Islamic Monotheism is one form of oversimplification and one dimensionality, appearing as pure simplicity, that is extremely twisted, hypocritical and so complex that it does not adequately address the concerns of human spirituality (let alone the spirits of any other type of creature). Yahweh, Jehovah and Allah are more concerned with societal laws between semitic people than matters of the spirit and the unique concerns of human beings as multifaceted creatures themselves, the world over (not to mention those astronauts and cosmonauts up in the heavens above). It is these fledgeling ideas and realities that make the old singular God die. Verifiable experience and knowledge of anything beyond the one God and its creation hints at a will to question and healthy curiosity within mankind, that, at this stage,

I deem to be Diabolic Gnostic in nature. We do not necessarily have to reject all of the values, ideas and laws of these people and their controlling, tyrant of a god -to do so is idiocy. Some of their writing is moving (don't be offended that I can enjoy reading portions of the Torah, New Testament and Koran). Some of their ideas (such as the brutality and cruelty of the god of the bible; the forgiveness, sacrifice, rebelliousness, discipline and duty of Christos; and the pure militancy and lack of tolerance of Mohammad) certain artworks, architecture etc. etc. are worthy and come from a place of strength and genuine inspiration. We can and should reject the presumed authority from whence they sprang though. We should reject those that try to force us to submit to their will or way if we do not agree with it (to be free to choose our own path -the Path of the Devil). To do so is critical in human (especially occidental) evolution. One need not be an outlaw to be Diabolic Gnostic but be against the blind faith in the laws of God and all people that continue to elevate him above the life force and energy of this world. At this point in (space-)time, the Devil, and its multitude of attributes, is that powerful opposition.

XLI

The energy of Diabolic Gnosticism is revolutionary in its essence -tearing down the weak, festering and degenerate, destroying it within ourselves first, and then others. Eventually the aim is for wide scale culling on an industrial level, but that contentious idea still

needs to be threshed out (and may be a discussion for another time -however civilisations that engaged in human sacrifice do appear to have held many worthy attributes). We do not want to be subdued, especially where our will is strong, and we are right. We choose not to be deceived and strive to learn and to know as much as is necessary to guide our decision-making processes, to act rather than procrastinate. It is better to make a bad choice, stand by it and learn from it, than to be indecisive and do nothing (to grow old and waste away without making mistakes) … Take the risk and see what happens!

XLII

My main takeaway point from Mien Kampf was 'The art of reading as of learning is this: to retain the essential to forget the non-essential.' I cannot recall much else from the infamous book, aside from vivid descriptions of the hell of trench warfare, the image of a soldier carrying a worn-out copy of Schopenhauer's '*Will and Representation*' around in a backpack (this maybe an extrapolation on my behalf), being endowed with a high honour and medal for bravery, and a wonderful poem about Wotan:

I often go on bitter nights
To Woden's oak in the quiet glade
With dark powers to weave a union -
The moonlight showing me the runic spell

And all who are full of impudence during the day
Are made small by the magic formula!

They draw shining steel - but instead of going into combat,
They solidify into stalagmites.

Thus the wrong ones separate from the genuine ones -
I reach into a nest of words
then give to the good and fair
With my formula blessings and prosperity

Truly Hitler was a man that exhibited greatness in being able to rise from nothingness into the highest spheres of influence in worldly affairs. That is an impressive feat, the essential observation and lesson to be learnt. On the other end of the political spectrum, the ruthlessness of the murderous and racist Che Guvara was also impressive…

XLIII

I am not such an ignoramus that I cannot see some value in the Cosmic Gnostic Christos (divorced from the Judaic roots [not for antisemitic reasons o thou foul accusers]). It is somewhat understandable as to why some Christians might be antisemitic, as, if you believe the tales, it was god's chosen people that chose to release the murderous Barabbas over the rebellious and disruptive Jesus. It is interesting to note that the vast majority of Christian hymns and Christmas carols often repeat the heritage of Jesus over and over again, so often in fact that it is very difficult to not at least admit and acknowledge that part of his being, whatever that means. We have a butchered, translated version of what it was reported that the Son of Man himself

said, the Golden Rule, rewritten in the English language and published in 1611 '*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you: do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.*' Who truly knows what other details were glossed over in the New Testament? At least some of the ideas from the Sermon on the Mount, such as the Golden Rule, were of some value (as long as it doesn't refer to or justify where Jesus was arrested in the garden of Gethsemane, Mark 14:46-52:

46 And they laid their hands on him, and took him.
47 And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear.
48 And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me?
49 I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not: but the scriptures must be fulfilled.
50 And they all forsook him, and fled.
51 And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men laid hold on him:
52 And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked.
…an utter abomination).

XLIV Anti-human Entity

I have never submitted to any religion; hence my unique Diabolic Gnosis is not tarnished by that bias (within or from me anyway). I

am conveying my direct experience with the Diabolic Entity (the Devil-as-god). I do warn all who turn to the Path of the Devil that it is challenging, confrontational and nasty, and that by getting involved in Diabolic Gnosticism and exploring it will make one even more of an outsider and a lone wolf. This philosophy and related thought forms is definitely not for those seeking love and acceptance, nor to be part of an encouraging and supportive gang of sycophants. Diabolic Gnosticism is an affront to the all-too-human self and should be seen for what it is -a dark, harsh and dangerous spirituality for daring individuals.

At this point I purposely use the term 'anti-human'; rather than misanthrope to describe the Devil, Satan and Lucifer, the three aspects of the Tripartite Devil's Head. The Devil is by its very nature the most blatantly misanthropic, but it is also bound by belief in and of itself. Satan on the other hand is an anti-human entity in that he/it 'exists'; primarily in other realms as the antithesis of the human creature's conceptions.

Satan is mostly beyond and independent of the existence of humanity, as such the antihuman aspect of Satan can and may well come to negate humanity, but his essence will continue to be, or exist beyond that, as it existed prior to the advent of humankind. This is perhaps the purest conception or closest understanding of Satan as an entity. This is also the most existential, paradoxical, and possibly even tragic aspect of Satanism, that we want to elevate Satan to the status of a god, but he

is only ever honoured by anti-belief. As soon as we come to believe in Satan, we revert back to worshipping the Devil. Lucifer (the Conquering Spirit) is then regarded as the breaker of this cycle however, and it is through Phosphorosophia that we come to be rewarded (as Phosfyriuns).

Hence one doesn't worship or hail Satan per se, the enforced beliefs of the Diabolic Idolatry of fundamentalist Diabolism is the only form of worship that makes any sense. The misanthropic inclinations of the Devil (especially in the guise of the Enemy of Mankind) encourage us to rise above ourselves by going down through ourselves, primarily through indulgence. This is also a strong justification for Diabolic Gnostic militancy. This is of the evolutionary urge that is latent in certain individuals (hir who hath eyes to see, let them see. Hir who hath heart to feel, let them feel the zeal in these bloodied words).

Please note that due to the harsh nature of Diabolic Gnosticism only part of it can be shared in my writings (lest I open myself up to prosecution and legal troubles). The other part of Diabolic Gnosticism needs to be communicated face to face, and as it does it evolves and adapts to each part of the world it manifests in. Be warned, the Path of the Devil will lead you all the way to self-destruction and death if you are not wary...That being said, no indulgence that I have partaken of has ever left me feeling embarrassed, remorseful or feeling bad for myself. Indulgences of strong individ-

uals should be pure by nature, by virtue of coming from a pure place.

XLV

It has been my Will to write this. I hate lists of 'thou shall not' hence I have interspersed these ideas with positive points that one should stand for. As a man you need to be assertive to the point of aggression in all situations. Your aggression should never boil over into anger and rage (especially when dealing with the fairer sex and only other gender -that is woman). Anger is an emotion, do not delude yourself, as is hate, and it is healthy for a man to feel all types of emotions, but only in moderation, or as appropriate (e.g. when grieving the passing of a loved one). It is the loss of self-control that is the weakness here. Blind rage in physical altercations leads to self-destruction and unnecessary harm as opposed to controlled, targeted aggression. Disciplined action (with or without the appearance of Chaos) is infinitely more effective than sporadic crazed outbursts with no structure.

XLVI Strength through indomitable will and physical capacity

As unlikely as it may seem Gandhi inspired the idea of 'strength through indomitable will and physical capacity'. I do not want to jump ahead too far into the major work about the Philosophy of Strength, hence I will be cutting this text short, as a collection of 47 passages (o that blessed and special number representing D and G -Diabolic Gnosticism). An indomitable will will drag a physical body

through Hell and back and force it to go beyond what a weak will, will. However, a strong will needs to be supported by a strong body, a physical capacity that is potent enough to force the will upon whomever, or whatever it needs to. Nietzsche evolving his will to power from Schopenhauer's animalistic drive, the will to live, as Crowley exhorts us to do what we will -a will that cannot unwill itself (Peter Carrol), yet one can be unwilling to do a great many things, especially their duty and what is right. An indomitable will that does not have the backing of physical capacity is mere fantasy or stubbornness stuck in unreality. Thus, physical capacity and the value of one's will are inextricably linked together, as is the nature and scope of what that will is striving for. An oppressor is not worried about the will to rebel of the oppressed that do not have strength enough to meaningfully challenge, usurp or overthrow them. Power is the ability to enact one's will or achieve an intended effect; to make the changes one wants (or wills) to make. An indomitable will, irrespective of physical capacity is still a good thing, it is integrity, however both aspects in combination is power, as should be your aim. Both will feed each other and bolster each other, reinforcing you on your sacred mission, so that you come to know (or remember) what it is that you *should* be doing and not forget how to get it done.

XLVII Assassination of God

As this section of Liber Aberration draws to a close, I would like to mention the idea of

the assassination of God -an idea that was so Earth shattering that it gave me crippling panic attacks for several nights on end -where the carefully considered cyclical apotheosis of the Devil becoming Lucifer and the downfall of Venus sacrificing herself by plunging into the fires of the Sun, the Twelve Victories leading to the usurpation of God were cut short by an assassination. Quick and effective. Clean and without superfluity (that is an entire systematic process of evolution over many years to grow to know overcomings and downfalls thoroughly). The assassination of God cuts through everything -it is a beheading, a shooting, a stabbing, a fatal wounding of any type, a poisoning, at any time, for all time, committed by a sniper, a gun man, a woman, a killer, destroyer and disruptor, a soldier, a traitor, a patriot, a zealot, an extremist and a betrayer -and profoundly changes the world as we know it. There have been many examples over the centuries (and even very recent high impact attempts) that have had disproportionately big effects, that have shattered the world as it was known at the time (keep in mind that time does heal these types of aberrations too).

Just as devastating a jolt as political and religious assassination is in the world, the assassination of God is in the soul. Nietzsche claimed that 'god is dead' and there are plenty of works that already dissect the joy out of that idea, but *that* old god was already known as a dying god, and the idea of dying gods has been a part of the human psyche for millennia (undoubtedly reinforced by the going down of the sun). As a species we get to witness the

death of god over prolonged periods of time, to the point of nausea -we are prepared for god to die at any time as his twilight is perpetually coming. We are not prepared for an assassination of god though -our *living* god in its prime being snuffed out of existence. A dying god that is declared dead is not the same shock to our soul as a god killed in its strength (sunsets contra solar eclipses are somewhat adequate analogies here). Indeed, we are still the 'primitive' people that are sacrificing human beings to the solar eclipse atop pyramids in sultry jungles, offering the blood and lives of others as ourselves to appease the Sun-the-God (not to mention the great calamity that Venus is the harbinger of, if not offered more human blood).

With an assassination we do not get time to prepare -the unique cycles and patterns of days and seasons on our planet that we have hard baked into our world mythologies, quaint folk traditions and occult practices are obliterated. The usually reliable patterns are shattered, and we are broken out of our regular rhythms, awoken from deep slumber to either to give up, panic or begin again -not as a rebirth, but a complete restructure from our own inner foundations upwards. The assassination of God showed me how complicated I had made my understanding of existence, especially of a spiritual nature, and that the gnosis I had was one aspect of it. As God was assassinated in me, I was cut adrift in the vast black oceans of Chaos. It is interesting to note that psychedelics, when used as entheogens, can have that reality shattering effect also.

My concept of the Esoteric Black Sun in particular (but also language) became incomprehensible and obsolete to the chaotic state I found my soul (and psyche) in -there were no values, no meanings, no beliefs, no truths, no effective methods for placating the raging Chaos, nor any other points for me to get my bearings and orientate myself in relation to anything else. I thought I was in a state of overwhelming spiritual attack, and I could not use my normal mantras to retaliate -they were meaningless in the wake of the assassination of God! All was panic and confusion. My chest tightened and my heart felt like it was about to explode -I thought I was dying (having been there and almost done that I am not exaggerating). All things were unknown, and everything was in a state of utter hectic flux, until I forced myself to breathe, and just focused on that. Meditation and focused breathing calmed me down, but my inner world had been shaken forcefully to its core.

I thank Carl Jung's work '*Red Book*' for the nights of torment that I went through -a man who at a very similar age had comparable psyche splitting experiences and wrote about them. Without going into detail, the '*Red Book*' described Jung's thoughts, feelings and premonitions at the prelude of the Great War and the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand by a Black Hand (Unification or Death) operative. Verily, the Archduke is dead! The sultan is dead! God has now been assassinated!

MYSTERIES OF PSYCHE

Considering my exhortations to all about praxis, I thought it may be of some benefit if I put some practical information herein. These ideas are mostly nondenominational exercises regarding inspiration and insight into the Self but may be of some use for wider group cohesion and the development of a unique group mythos. The insight we are looking for is of a personal mythological type, as well as a personal liberation into inspiration, try to unlock doors within the mind that may be sealed shut by mundane concerns, lack of trying, or ignorance.

Initially these ideas came under the banner of the '*Rite of Twelve Victories*' and focused on twelve different scenarios of making one a pariah and then purging oneself of the psychological Shadow, however, the Temple of THEM's '*The Rite of Regurgitating Choronzon*' is sufficient for this. The '*Rite of Twelve Victories*' delved deep into confessions of dark, disturbing fantasies and confessions of shameful things an individual has done in their life, each cycle being expressed and confessed personally in writing, then to another,

and eventually to a group, recorded in some way. Whilst the utility of having such Shadow material recorded and available for the leader of the group in the form of 'confessions', the series of imaginings and confessions held little to no value within Diabolic Gnosticism, and suited groups that are founded on principles of manipulation, deception, coercion and black mail. (There is still a small element of this present in the 'Oath of Secrecy' to protect the interests of the group from infiltrators). Privately I think these ideas are good to explore, at least to purge them, or confront them (be warned Choronzon can rend your mind synapse by synapse and poison your neurotransmitters to the point that you wish to no longer exist). Sometimes I am not sure if this is an indulgence of strength or weakness though, and whether such 'knowledge' is actually knowledge, or mere fantasies generated by an individual to delude them into believing that they are deep within oneself.

This criticism is also directed to a basic technique of Shadow psychology, where the individual is asked to conjure up an image of someone they hate (say it is your father for example). Next, you are encouraged to describe traits about that person that you hate (e.g. he is fat, lazy, narcissistic, and he gambles). It is then revealed that these traits are your psychological Shadow self -that they are within you, and you fight (or struggle) against them within yourself. On a surface level, yea, sure, most people strive against being obese by working out and being in good physical condition, but what happens when the target

of your ire is a paedophile, a mass murderer, or a genocidal tyrant? Those traits are not all within oneself. We are not in constant struggle with such things, because they are not universal values, that is, they are not present in all individuals.

If we are to look at the human race as having a collective or universal mind, then yes, these ideas must exist somewhere within the totality of such an unfathomably large repository of experiences, ideas, actions and beliefs. The worst of the Sadean atrocities lie next to the vision of a ladybug crawling of a blade of grass and all other strange juxtapositions of all other ideas at once. Strangely the scenes of desolation and perversion destroy scenes and images of innocence, rather than the opposite... It is interesting to note though that there is plenty within the 'universal mind' that is actually at odds with itself -consider the swastika here: part of the world loathes it as a symbol of systematic torture, death and genocide (shock troopers brandishing Nazi blood banners into blitzkriegs), another loves it as the holiest and most pleasant of all symbols (a gigantic plump golden statue of Buddha wielding a swastika on his chest) and both sides are mostly unaware of the reasons why others have such opposing views -most are oblivious that there is even a different perspective of the symbol. Where in the collective unconscious is this stored? Where and what is a universal mind? Are these opposites the cognitive dissonance of each other, and what does that mean? I see a veritable minefield of aberrations here. What does it really matter

though, as long as you do not choose to be so weak as to be offended by a symbol. Reread that last sentence again and think about what I just said. See things for what they are and establish your own mythology with your own relationship to such symbols, images and dream motifs and become more synchronistic (a Synchro Gnostic beyond a Diabolic Gnostic -now that is aspiration).

I do not believe that adult men and women are encouraged to be genuinely creative in this day and age (maybe they never were), outside of a half-hearted attempt at therapy for some lame ailment -art therapy for example. Creativity is one of the points of the Seven-Pointed Star (Phosphorosophia) of Diabolic Gnosticism precisely because of how rewarding and entertaining it can be on a personal level, good for using one's brain to come up with novel ideas, and most importantly, new solutions for problems and challenges faced. Creativity will be required in the future as we devise the new gods, the new rituals, the new societies and the new ways of being. Creativity needs to be coaxed out of people of my generation especially so that we are not fooled into deifying someone else's inadequate, moribund god forms and being enthralled by childish artworks of yesteryear. Creativity is the critical link between our overcoming and transcendence verse torpid resignation to the old norms.

It could also be argued that creativity seeks to change acausal energies (especially of the psyche) and redirect them towards more tra-

ditional causal ends. The freeing of the mind is also about tapping into the acausal and Entropic elements within, that can help lead to your great liberation (or even insanity -be warned)!

The now infamous psychologist, considered by many to be the father of psychology, Sigmund Freud wrote a seminal book entitled '*The Interpretation of Dreams*' (1899), in which the theory of an 'un- or sub-conscious' was unveiled before the learned world. (The great man Carl Jung also meddled heavily with dream analysis and Synchronistic psychological content). Whilst not delving into a critical analysis of the great work, or the dream interpretation techniques of psychoanalysts, I am mentioning it here to show that these powerful ideas have been hiding in plain sight for millennia. Indeed, it was the Pharaoh who sent for Joseph to help him interpret his baffling dreams or nightmares, for which efforts he was rewarded handsomely. My concern is more with the Synchronistic content of one's dreams. Recording your dreams for months on end will give you access to a wealth of deep personal insight (do not worry if the dream content seems banal). If you have not been actively trying to recall your dreams, it will be difficult at first. Don't be dissuaded though -write down what you can remember, and do not try to force yourself to 'remember', as your conscious mind will quickly impose itself on the content your subconscious mind. By sticking to a regimen of writing down or recording your dreams and dream ideas you will find that you will recall more details more

readily. I find writing the ideas down helps me remember better than sharing my dreams with others -usually when I talk about the subconscious content and imagery of my psyche, I tend to completely forget it (which may be my entire or 'ultra-conscious' reabsorbing itself into itself and 'healing' itself by cancelling out the inspired subconscious dream content).

You can seek to interpret your own dream imagery easily enough by meditating on the content, noting your feelings and thoughts in relation to it, noting any initial impressions first, and then later seeking more conscious reflection on the ideas, followed by researching other correlations -many dream themes are very common amongst other people (flying for example), the imagery may not be quite so (the spontaneous appearance of the letters ENEM and the emotions that aroused -from personal experience). When researching dream imagery, you can draw from any source you feel you want to, whether it be run of the mill trashy pop psychology sources or whatever loftier resources you feel are necessary or adequate. Dreams do tend to oscillate between the mundane and the phantasmal.

Once you have a good power of recollection of your dreams, you may be able to influence them, or at least your own actions in the dreams. This is called lucid dreaming. It has been proven through several experiments that individuals can actively affect their dreams, but it does take practice. My best advice is to start to recognise the conscious aspect of

yourself in the dream (which can be done as the subconscious content is recorded and spills over to the dream state, the conscious mind can move over and operate in the dream state). Through continuing to practice recognising that you are asleep and dreaming, you can eventually increase the amount of 'control' you can have in that space, to change your actions in the dream, change various other aspects of it, and even the entire course of the dream. As you become better at doing this you can charge and cast sigils during your dream state (or even set up an 'astral temple').

Another couple of adjuncts to uncovering one's potential subconscious creative ideas and motives is free association, automatic writing, and glossolalia.

Free association is another Freudian concept where, in a clinical setting, a patient was encouraged to just start talking about whatever came to mind (be it dream segments, ideas, thoughts, feelings, memories) in a free-flowing manner -whether it made sense or not. This can be a good exercise in a non-clinical setting where you devote an hour a week to recording a free flow of the ideas that come immediately to mind. A voice recorder would be ideal for this, rather than writing, however it can cross over into a form of proto-automatic writing, whereby you write whatever ideas and thoughts come into your head. The draw back with writing like this is it is slower than speaking and you can correct or censor yourself. By recording your voice, you may also start to uncover Freudian slips

or even Glossolalia. I think for the best results a free association session should be treated like a personal psychological session with yourself. After several weeks you will start to see themes in your sessions (and know whether you need profession intervention or not!!). Use the information to come to (as the well-known Delphic maxim goes) 'know thyself'. 'There are things known and things unknown…' 'Known knowns, known unknowns and unknown unknowns…' automatically came to my mind just then (linking Jim Morrison with Donald Rumsfeld together in an unlikely union of opposites). As part of my personal process of free association I like to rhyme as soon as I awaken, usually in a beat poetry cadence, linking and repeating words, phrases and lyrics as I *feel* them.

Automatic writing is considered by some to be a spiritual communication or form of possession; however, I practice it more as a brainstorming of whatever I can write as quickly as I can. I am not *trying* to channel someone or something else, as I want to tap into *my* deep well of ideas. Sometimes the ideas are incoherent, but are of some value, nonetheless. Austin Osman Spare's '*Anathema of Zos: The Sermon to the Hypocrites*' was an automatic writing, and writers such as Jack Kerouac used a related 'stream of conscious' process for '*On the Road*', as did James Joyce for '*Ulysses*', most likely to access deeper levels of creativity and originally with their works, to push boundaries also.

As a practice glossolalia (sometimes referred to as ‘speaking in tongues’) can also free up the normally rigid structure of the conscious mind. Glossolalia is usually associated with certain protestant denominations where the worshippers excite themselves to an almost trancelike state and start uttering whatever sounds come to mind (or bypass their conscious brains altogether). The key factor here is being able to free yourself to do this exercise without fear of judgement (so usually doing this solo is most effective). Whilst trying to engage in glossolalia I make all sorts of sounds, which are usually quite repetitive at first, until I am freed up to let my tongue loose. I have to admit that I have never spontaneously spoken another known human language, but one night I came up with a very curious set of guttural noises/words that I wrote down, and that had a very definite meaning… The experience felt almost like I had been taken over or possessed by a daemon or some other spirit.

Once you are comfortable with these processes and techniques being carried out in a ‘mundane’ or ‘nondenominational’ setting, the skills can be applied to your spiritual or religious practices and have a conscious incursion of your preferred pantheon of gods, mythologies or other religious or spiritual trappings. The ideas generated by meditating or praying, through trance or Chaos Magick Gnosis, or mantras can bleed into and feed your creativity and vice versa. A more formal, structured and specifically Theistic Satanic approach to these ideas focusing on an adher-

ent’s personal evolution will be offered in my essay ‘Hebdamon’.